King. If it be ſo *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo, how otherwiſe,
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I my Lord, ſo you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now returned
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it, I will worke him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But even his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deviſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.
King It falls right:
You have bin talkt of ſince your travell much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a quality
Wherein they ſay you ſhine; your ſumme of parts
Did not together plucke ſuch envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe livery that it weares,
Than ſetled age his ſables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveneſſe: two months ſince
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I have ſeene my ſelfe, and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-backe; but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew unto his ſeat,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe
As he had bin incorp'ſt and demi-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo farre he topt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and trickes
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman* was't?

King.

King. A *Norman*.
Laer. Upon my life *Lam*
King. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well,
And gemme of all the Na
King. He made confeſſ
And gave you ſuch a maſte
For art and exerciſe in yo
And for your Rapier moſt
That he cry'd out, 'twoul
If one could match you;
He ſwore had neither mo
If you oppos'd them: ſir
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom
That he could nothing d
Your ſudden comming o
Now out of this.
Laer. What out of t
King. *Laertes*, was y
Or are you like the pain
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske yo
King. Not that I think
But that I know love is
And that I ſee in paſſag
Time qualifies the ſpar
There lives within th
A kinde of wieke or ſ
And nothing is at a li
For goodneſſe growi
Dies in his owne too
We ſhould doe wher
And hath abatement
As there are tongues
And then this *Shoul*
That hurts by eaſing
Hamlet comes back
To ſhew your ſelfe i

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (